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POEMS,

BY

JOHN HAWTHORN,
LIGHT DRAGOON
IN THE INNISKILLING REGIMENT.

THE LEAST, THE LOWEST OF THE TUNEFUL TRAIN.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR:
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PRICE THREE SHILLINGS.

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Price THREE SHILLINGS.

ADVERTISEMENT
To the Reader.

JOHN HAWTHORN, the Author of the following Verſes, was born near the Town of BANNBRIDGE, *in the North of* IRELAND, *of Parents whoſe Circumſtances and Station in Life could only afford him an Education of Reading, and Writing. He was afterwards put Apprentice to a Linen Weaver; in which Trade he continued 'till he enliſted in the* INNISKILLING *Regiment, about eleven Months ſince: Therefore had very little Opportunity of reading many Books of Improvement.*

SALISBURY, *March* 20, 1779.

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POEMS.

THE JOURNEY AND OBSERVATIONS OF A COUNTRYMAN.

Here Nature ſings, in her own homely way,
Here's food for both the Serious and the Gay;
No Spleen is here, nor ſnarling Satire biting;
Nothing but innocent and merry writing.

COURTEOUS Reader, I do you addreſs
With the firſt book I ever ſent to preſs;
And if you condeſcend my book to view,
Then I will call you good, and gentle too.
Now for my Tale;—but e're I do proceed,
Take this one hint, then at your leiſure read:

With no old borrow'd ſtuff I make my theme;
'Tis new and true, and a new broom ſweeps clean:
What here is wrote, I ſaw it with my eyes,
I'll not deceive you with a pack of lies.

It was about full fifteen weeks ago,
I had to travel thirty miles, or ſo:
But e're I any more do write, or talk,
I'll tell how I was fitted for the walk:
My ſhoes new ſoal'd and heel'd, with buckles in them;
Good woollen hoſe it was, my wife did ſpin them;
My breeches buckſkin, and my coat and veſt
Was made of good ſtrong grey web of the beſt;
My ſhirt, to my wife's praiſe, was far from black;
A handkerchief ſhe ty'd around my neck;
My hat was narrow, and its brim quite round,
And with good tape the taylor had it bound;
I had no horſe, I therefore took a ſtaff,
To beat a dog, or keep a maſtiff off.
I thus equipt, out of my houſe did go,
Walk'd up the field as light as any roe;
My neighbours cry'd, where are you going, JACK?
How far's your journey? when will you be back?

I turn'd around, and told my neighbours where;
Then leapt the ditch as nimble as a hare.

Full in my way a winding river ſtray'd;
There was no bridge, it was too deep to wade;
As on its banks I there my caſe deplor'd,
I 'ſpy'd a lad come riding to the ford;
Good lad, ſays I, as you are on a beaſt,
And do not ſeem to be in over haſte,
Let me behind you, I'll reward your pains,
Though it be ſmall, it will be ſo much gains;
He ſaid he would, and ſtraitway with a ſwitch
Drove up his horſe cloſe by a mould'ring ditch;
But, wicked luck! juſt as I rais'd my leg,
And gave a leap to get upon the nag,
The beaſt he gave a friſk, and without fail,
He left me ſitting ſtride-legs croſs his tail;
In vain I pray'd the villain for to wait,
And hold his horſe 'till I renew'd my ſeat;
He laugh'd aloud, and with ſtrong blows and kicks,
The dev'liſh beaſt he through the water licks;
'Till worn out at length, and by degrees,
I plump'd in mud and glair up to the knees;

He ſtill huzza'd, and rode off with a laugh;
Enrag'd, I graſped faſt my oaken ſtaff;
Villain, I cry'd, come turn you, if you dare;
I'll teach you thus to daub me in the glair;
He rode away, and to encreaſe my fret,
Told it to ev'ry perſon that he met.
Well, well, thinks I, I once read in a page,
Of gold and ſilver, and the iron age;
But if my prophecy I right do hit,
The next may well be call'd the age of wit;
For often times we little youths do ſee
Make fools of men might their grandfathers be.

Next place I came to was a rural ſeat,
Hem'd round with walls, and cloſed by a gate;
Large full grown trees did keep it ſnug and warm,
The ivy ſcreen'd it with its ſheltering arm;
A gentle river ran two hills between,
Shaded with crooked oaks, and elders green;
The birds they ſweetly ſung, whilſt in a pool
Large oxen ſtood, their ſwelt'ring ſkins to cool;
Where all was heartſome, rural, and commodious,
And from the windows muſic flow'd melodious;

Ye Gods! (ſays I, for envy did me raiſe)
How may the owner live here at his eaſe!
And not like I, within a ruſtic cell,
That neither eat, or drink, or wear as well.

As I did thus lament that I was poor,
I ſaw an old man coming from the door,
Poor and decrep't, the palſy in his head;
Was turn'd to the wide world to beg his bread;
And by his ſide, cloſe running by his knee,
A lad that ſeem'd his great-grandſon to be;
Hunger had made their viſage lean and ſpare,
And ſcarce a rag upon them for to wear:
This made me more contented for to be;
If ſome were better, ſome were worſe than me;
Not that it gave me pleaſure for to ſee
My fellow creature in ſuch miſery;
But there's a ſecret pleaſure which we find,
To think we are not loweſt of mankind.
Hard by the houſe, and cloſe by the road ſide,
There lay a garden neither long nor wide,
But well laid out in plots, and rak'd the ground,
And a cropt hedge enclos'd it all around;

A fellow,

A fellow, that had neither hat nor wig,
And his coat off, did in the garden dig;
The villain pull'd a root out of the graſs,
And threw at the old man as he did paſs;
It miſs'd the old man, but it hit the lad,
And made the blood to trickle from his head;
And ſeem'd as if he thought it not a ſin,
But thraw'd his muſcles, and with joy did grin.
I grew enrag'd, my hair ſtood on an edge,
And thus I ſpoke out, over the thorn hedge,
Villain, ſays I, what made you hurt the child?
And, baſer ſtill, at ſuch an act to ſmile?
You well deſerve to have your ſhoulders beat,
Fitter you'd give them ſomething for to eat:
With that, he flew into a frenzy fit,
And ſwore he would beat me as well as it;
Leap'd o'er the hedge, and dreaded no reſiſtance;
I drew my ſtaff to keep him at a diſtance;
But ſeeing I was bent to hit his ſkull,
Turn'd back again, and gave me oaths in full:
The wicked gard'ner, tho' he durſt not fight,
Yet curs'd me all the time I was in ſight.

The lordly lion roams about for food,
Tears all he meets, and ſtains his fangs in blood;
The treach'rous crocodile lies in wait for prey;
But human brutes more cruel are than they:
There's ſome the proverb does extremely ſuit,
No beaſt ſo cruel as a rational brute.
Curs'd is the wretch, and barbarous indeed,
Who would a creature hurt he ſees in need;
For if we any ſee in need do lie,
If we give nought we may paſs civilly by.

Next houſe I came to ſent a ſtunning noiſe,
It was a ſchool of little girls and boys;
My heart grew light, thinks I, where learning be,
There ſhould be manners and hoſpitality;
So in I ſtepp'd, and pulled off my hat,
Made a low bow, and thus began to chat
Unto the maſter:—Sir, may your ſchool increaſe,
And may you be reſpected in this place;
May all your boys be great Apollo's ſons,
And all your girls be virtuous as nuns:
Thank you, ſays he, be pleas'd to take a ſeat,
And reſt you out of the ſun's ſcorching heat;

Put on your hat, indeed it muſt be ſo;
It's murder ſuch a warm day to go.
Pleas'd with the gentle manners of the lad,
I took the ſeat, it was the beſt he had;
He was a portly youth, and full of air,
And on his chin was not a pile of hair;
His ſhoes were black, as black as ball could make 'em,
His buckles waſh'd, I did for plate miſtake 'em;
His ſtockings clouded, and his breeches fuſtian;
Knee buckles bright, and not a bit of ruſt on;
His waiſtcoat ſeem'd to be about half worn;
His coat a little at the elbows torn;
Wore a large ſtock, inſtead of a cravat;
Had well curl'd hair, and Carolina hat;
I aſked his name, he ſaid they call'd him TREVERS,
In ſhort we grew as great as inkle-weavers.

Upon the table lay a writing book,
I took it up, and in it 'gan to look;
I ſaw that he did write with ready quill,
But oh! He ſpell'd it moſt extremely ill:
Maſter, ſays I, you write a hand that's fair,
But you ſhould ſpell your words with greater care;

Nothing

Nothing embelliſhes a piece of writing,
Like ſpelling true, and properly inditing:
I ſpake this low, for I don't count it fair,
To check a maſter in his ſcholar's ear.
A dreadful ſour look he at me ſent,
And ſwore he thought I was impertinent;
Blaſphem'd that Being, in whoſe hand all our ways is,
And ſported with the injur'd name of JESUS;
Sprang in a rage, and gave his tag a whaff,
Went round, and beat the children's legs to chaff.
Ungrateful lad, ſays I, to angry be,
I love you, or I would not make ſo free;
Henceforth write on your jargon as you chuſe,
Put *m* in ſpelling boots, and *p* in ſhoes:
My pride reſented ſeeing him ſo ſtout;
I would not ſtay a moment, ſo leap'd out.

My notion is, no crime, be it e'er ſo lewd,
s half ſo baſe as black ingratitude:
The robber, he attacks us on the road;
The thief, at night does pilfer our abode;
Yet nothing elſe we from them do expect,
And to prevent them no means do neglect;

But an ungrateful man, that does repay
Evil for good, I think we juſtly may
Call him a monſter, or an odious creature,
A botch upon the earth, a blot in nature.

I travel'd on, over a little hill,
And in the valley ſtood a water mill,
With a ſnug public houſe, made white with lime,
That had the dog and duck up for the ſign;
And in a field ſtood a promiſcuous croud,
That ſent a ſound abroad, both hoarſe and loud;
It was a cock-fight, ſoon I underſtood,
A thing that never yet produc'd much good;
Some clad in good cloaths, others clad in rags,
And ſome were holding cocks in checker bags;
Some buſy were employ'd the cocks to heel,
And on their legs they ty'd the mortal ſteel;
One made a pit with a long hazel wattle,
And ſwore he'd hold a crown on ginger's battle;
Another fellow gave a dreadful roar,
Come here, my lad, and I'll take three to four;
One ſwore a great oath, it was by the God's,
He'd take the pil'd cock—who gives moſt odds?

The ginger was the favourite I found,
For oh! his name was echo'd o'er the ground;
At length to combat fell the little foes,
But ginger ran, at half a dozen blows:
Well then, thinks I, for I ſpake not a word,
You're fools to wager on that ſilly bird;
But oh! what ſhouts and loud huzzas were there,
And hats thrown up, that darkened the air;
Whilſt ſome ſent up their ſhouts unto the ſkies,
Others with grief their hats pull'd o'er their eyes.

Excuſe me now, the ſerious and the gay;
A word or two on this I'm going to ſay:
After relating of this laſt tranſaction,
Give me but leave to make juſt one reflection.
How many's here, that if the truth was known,
Whoſe family is in want and grief at home;
And what they loſt upon this running cock,
Would bought a naked child a ſhirt or ſmock;
Likewiſe the rich tho' they would miſs it leſs,
Might help ſome family pining in diſtreſs;
Would heal the widow's moan or orphan's cries:
Oh! heedleſs mortals! will you ne'er be wiſe?

A little houſe there ſtood within a glen,
But rather ſeem'd a hole or fox's den;
Inſtead of ſtraw, the cot was thatch'd with furze;
Around the door grew nettles, docks, and burs,
Where neither was ſeen corn, oats, or hay,
But a few rags that on the buſhes lay;
And from the door, I heard a woman crying,
Alas! alas! my huſband's juſt a dying:
Thinks I, a-while into this houſe I'll go,
It's good to viſit all ſuch ſcenes of woe;
So in I ſteps.—Now if I could relate
How poverty here ſat, on her throne of ſtate,
How ſmoak did choak me, and the ſoot did drop,
And in the floor ſtood many a crooked prop;
No windows, but a few old ſhatter'd panes,
And walls all crumbling with the oozing rains:
Theſe things I paſs, and only this I'll ſay,
That on a whiſp the owner dying lay;
Nought did him cover, but a dirty ſheet,
And on the floor lay his bare naked feet;
Strongly he gaſp'd, and ſtar'd, and ſtrove for breath,
And ſtruggled in the agonies of death:

I ſtood

I ſtood appall'd, the tears ruſh'd in my eyes,
To ſee my fellow creature's agonies;
Sweat dew'd my face, my heart it fell a beating,
To think of ſoul and body ſeparating;
His poor, diſconſolate wife, ſat on the bed,
And ſtrove for to ſupport his ſinking head;
Whilſt his two daughters ſat by the bed ſide;
Sorely they wept, but yet in ſilence cry'd.
Says I, this man cannot live long, it's plain;
Has he no ſon for to keep up his name?
Oh yes, the woman cries, I have a ſon,
A graceleſs wretch, that's to the cock-fight gone;
He broke my box, and took the caſh away,
That was to lay his father in the clay;
But oh! alas! I now may hold my tongue,
I ſhould have kept him down when he was young:
Says I, it's ſtrange he thinks it not a ſin;
Juſt as I ſaid the word, the ſon came in;
A booriſh clown with a rough tawdry head,
That was between a yellow and a red;
His cloaths were flying, and all torn in rags,
No ſhoes on's feet, or ſtockings on his legs;

A great

A great large rope was tyed round his middle,
His ſhins were burnt blacker than a griddle;
So drunk, that he could ſcarcely keep a leg,
And ſmell'd of liquor like a brandy keg;
He really had a bad look in his eye,
And yet the rogue was near to ſix feet high;
Had a great ſtaff, that would have kill'd a bull,
Or daſh'd in pieces a ram's horny ſkull:
When he came in, he wildly at me ſtar'd;
Tobacco ſpittle hang upon his beard:
He paſs'd his father quite unnotic'd by,
Nor once unto the bed did turn his eye;
And though the phlegm did rattle in his throat,
He heeded him no more than an old goat;
He to the corner went, and down did ſit,
And mutter'd out, is he no better yet?
And tho' the ſun's fierce heat would roaſted eggs,
He drew the fire ſtill between his legs.
I grew inrag'd:—ſays I, you clumſy fool,
Raiſe up your heavy buttocks off that ſtool;
The man's no better, nor will ever be,
Till he does launch into eternity;

He

He glimmer'd up, thro' his long ſandy hair,
And like a tiger he did at me ſtare:
Down on your knees, ſays I, and make petition,
To eaſe your father out of this condition:
Well, I'll begin, ſays he, curſe on the day
That e'er the ginger cock did run away;
But though on him I loſt my good half-crown,
I knock'd great ARMSTRONG, the hander, down;
'Twas that good ſtaff, that ſtagger'd cocker NED;
With that he wheel'd his cudgel round his head:
Your coin, ſays I, was better than your knockings,
It would have bought a pair of ſhoes and ſtockings,
Or laid your father underneath a ſtone;
But that is not my buſineſs, I muſt own:
If that I durſt, I fainly would deride him,
But, faith, I fear'd the ſtaff that ſtood beſide him:
I ſaid no more, the mother ſhook her head,
And in a few minutes more the man was dead;
Oh! then I thought their ſhouts would rend the ſkies,
And even the ragged ſon ſet up his cries;
He leaped up with a moſt hideous ſqueak,
And cries, I thought he would not die this week;

The woman's grief was great, I ne'er ſaw ſtronger;
So out I came, I could not ſtand it longer.
No ſight to me was ever half ſo hateful,
As children to their parents being ungrateful;
I would excuſe a man that blood did ſpill,
Before a wretch that us'd his parents ill:
The teeming goat, when kids run by her ſide,
With anxious care ſhe for them does provide;
To the beſt tufted rock ſhe does them bring,
And then conducts them to the chiefeſt ſpring;
But when grown old, and ready for to doat,
A poor, highbon'd, decrepid long bearded goat,
The young ones teſtify their gratitude,
And help their aged dam to get her food.

I was growing hungry; oh, for food to eat;
Yondér's a public houſe, I'll call for meat,
And never keep a penny lying by,
Whilſt I am either hungry, cold, or dry;
The ſervant maid, ſhe at the door did ſtand,
And buſily ſcoured pewter plates with ſand;
And tho' twelve hours of the day were fled,
The miſtreſs was but riſing out of bed;

But

But what me moſt amaz'd, and made me ſtare,
Was the fat landlord in a great arm chair;
His great fat belly on his knees did reſt,
His double chin lay down upon his veſt;
His countenance was ſour, his voice was ſtrong,
His legs did ſeem not paſt ſix inches long;
His eyes ſo clos'd with fat, ſeem'd like two dimples;
His face was blazing red, and full of pimples;
A perfect cripple he was with the gout,
Had both his feet roll'd in a flannel clout;
To look upon him I could not endure,
Such a great ſwollen ſon of EPICURE;
Get me ſome victuals, to the maid I ſays:
What will you have?—why any thing you pleaſe;
We have a leg of veal, and loin of mutton;
That, that's the ſtuff, replies the great fat glutton;
I like to eat a piece of a fat weather,
So, ſtranger, you and I will dine together;
Sir, I'm content, ſays I, ſo down did ſit;
The veal and mutton was got on the ſpit,
A blazing fire ſoon did make it brown,
So to the parlour he and I went down;

To each of us the maid did ſet a ſeat,
He 'gan to talk, and I began to eat;
I had not ſuch a luſt as him for talking,
For I had got my ſtomach by good walking;
He told me he was bred to be a cooper,
Enliſted, and was thirteen years a trooper;
Told me of all the battles he had ſtood,
Winter campaigns, and fields o'erflown with blood;
And ſtill as he rehears'd his warlike tale,
I buſy was and whang'd the leg of veal;
Yet I ſtill made him anſwers ſuch as, ſweet—
O my—ſtrange!—ſurprizing be it——
Fetch here ſome ale, he to the maid did call,
And go unto the barrel next the wall;
A prince to drink of it, I would not moan him;
It is what you may call one's *ſummum bonum*.
My friend, he ſays, theſe ſeventeen long year
I have liv'd in this houſe, and ſtill ſold beer;
I ne'er want wealth, the world on me it teems;
Come help your plate up with a little greens;
It's all one price, ſo do not need intreating;
Indeed, ſays I, I'm very buſy eating:

You'r

You're in the right, my lad, he to me ſays,
It's beſt for us to merrily ſpend our days;
No prickly care did ever me annoy,
I love the preſent moment to enjoy;
I have read books, er'e now, which ſaid, that we
Even in diſtreſſes might contented be;
Calm and reſign'd we ſhould our courſe here run;
It's true, I know, but eaſier ſaid, than done;
Thoſe rhyming bards wrote only what did fit 'em,
And rail'd at riches, 'cauſe they could not get 'em;
What man is there alive that would not fret,
His children hungry, and himſelf in debt?
A man ill clad, and hollow in the middle,
Then the north wind runs thro' him like a griddle;
Jovial companions are my chief deſire,
Drinking good ale around a warm fire;
Give me the butcher, miller, brewer, draper,
And let contented authors eat their paper.
Why, ſir, ſays I, I muſt confeſs it's true;
Once in my life-time I did think as you;
I long'd for riches with a thought intenſe,
And fix'd my pleaſure in the joys of ſenſe;

But now grown up unto the years of man,
I thank my Maker that I'm as I am;
Nor will I fret myſelf with ſilly whims,
Whilſt I have hearing, ſeeing, and my limbs:
How many creatures at this moment lie
In intenſe hardſhips, and deep miſery;—
Some with an aſthma gaſp and pant for breath,
Others a cancer ſlowly gnaws to death;
The ſtone and gravel, excruciating pains,
And ſome in loathſome dungeons clank their chains;
Some with diſtempers that they long have nurſt,
Are now with dropſy waters like to burſt;
Some envy feel, more poiſonous than the aſp,
Others do ſtruggle ſore with conſcience graſp;
The rack, perhaps this moment ſome has tore,
Others condemn'd for ever to the oar;
Some have conſumptions many a weary ſeaſon,
And, worſt of all, ſome quite out of their reaſon:
Thoſe things are to the fool a ſtrong illuſion,
Nor thinks that God brings order from confuſion;
And when they ſee a righteous man oppreſt,
Concludes that to the wicked God is beſt:

Preſumptuous men! refrain the ſinful thought,
The wicked's counſel will be brought to nought;
To be content, the ſcripture us adviſes;
The Lord loves ev'ry ſon that he chaſtiſes;
Vengeance thro' time the wicked will purſue;
And then I quoted texts to prove it true.
Now all this time my knife lay on my plate;
For don't imagine I did talk and eat?
A man has no more manners than a bull
Who ſits, and mutters when his mouth is full.
My landlord hearing me ſo ſerious grown,
He quickly did begin to change his tone;
Indeed, ſays he, I really own that wealth
Was never yet to be compar'd to health;
But there's no harm to take a hearty meal,
Or moderately to take a cup of ale;
Your hand, my lad, at bugbears we'll ne'er tremble;
May you live 'till your head would fit a thimble:
I laugh'd to hear his ruſtic compliment;
I pledg'd him, ſo about the bumper went.
By this time, I was not hungry or adry;
The maid ſhe came to ſet the fragments by;

Landlady,

Landlady, I want to know my ſhot;
Four-pence for ale, for eating juſt a groat:
Long may you live, ſays I, and ſell ale ſtill,
It really is a reaſonable bill:
So up I got, and bad them all adieu;
The landlord ſays, farewell, my lad, to you.

Now, I've a failure, and a bad one too,
To judge of men and things by the firſt view;
Oft' times I wrong did repreſent a man,
But never more than this brave publican;
To do him juſtice, I was much to blame
To call him glutton, or ſuch naſty name:
For to the world I muſt needs confeſs,
I never ſaw a man that would eat leſs;
For I've ſeen little elves would ſit and cram,
And eat a pound where he'd not eat a drachm:
Three things, in judging, ne'er ſhould be our guide,—
Fine ſpeech, fine cloathing, or a fine outſide;
They're things that often times do us betray,
And often lead th' unwary mind aſtray;
By nought but trial, we a man ſhould prove,
And trial ſhews the man we ought to love;

A man

A man that's brown, may have a noble ſoul;
A man that's fair, he may have one as foul;
The ſharpeſt hook has oft' the faireſt bait;
But, for to know your friend, with patience wait;
A hypocrite he may awhile deceive,
Yet at the laſt he'll prove himſelf a knave;
Like to the daw, that ſilly bird and frail,
Did of the peacock beg her glittering tail,
Likewiſe of every bird of lovely feather,
Gather'd a large aſſembly together;
Then for to hide her colour, ſooty black,
Array'd her from the tail unto the neck;
Proud of her borrow'd feathers ſoon ſhe grew,
Would walk with none but birds of lovely hue:
With pleaſure the admiring birds her view'd,
And ſcrap'd to get the beauteous ſtranger food;
But the impoſtor ſhe could not paſs long,
She muſt begin forſooth to ſing a ſong;
The birds ſoon found the cheat, and did begin,
And pluck'd the ſilly daw unto the ſkin;
Each took their feather, and left her in diſtreſs,
'Till ſhe had nought left to hide her nakedneſs.

O'er-

O'ertaking me, a horſeman, I eſpy'd,
And a ſmall beaſt ran by his horſe's ſide;
It was an aſs he in his hand did lead,
And ſure an aſs is a miſchievous jade;
The man came up, and greatly he admir'd
How I could walk a bit, I ſeem'd ſo tir'd;
Indeed, 'my friend, ſays I, my feet are ſore,
I never was ſo far from home before:
Get on this aſs, ſays he, if you think meet,
And ride awhile, to reſt your wearied feet:
Now, tho' with riding I was wrong'd before,
And really did intend to ride no more,
This was ſo tempting, I the aſs leap'd on,
And kick'd it with my heels to make it run;
But the curſt beaſt, replete with knaviſh tricks,
Puſh'd down its head, threw up its heels, and kicks;
With both my hands I graſped faſt its hide,
And clapt my knees and heels cloſe to its ſide:
Oh! catch it, catch it, to the man, I calls,
For I am dreadfully afraid of falls;
It ſtill bounc'd on, with many a kick and ſqueel,
Till o'er its head I flew, like a mill wheel;

Head-

Headlong I daſh'd upon the pavement ſtones,
And utter'd forth my pain in ſighs and groans:
The man at my misfortune made a joke,
And only ſaid, I hope your neck's not broke:
'Twas you, I cried, and not the aſs, that did it;
You knew the brute would kick, before I rid it;
If I you catch, you ſhall not leave this place,
'Till you get deſp'rate daſhes on the face;
He gallop'd off, whilſt to myſelf thinks I,
There nothing can be worſe than treachery;
How baſe is any one, who will pretend,
Whilſt they're a foe, to be a truſty friend.

So on I went, and travel'd 'bout a mile,
When I arrived at an antient pile,
An aged church; the hands that rais'd it, muſt
Have many ages ſince been laid in duſt;
Craggy it ſeem'd, it's walls were full of flaws,
It's roof all cover'd with ſparrows and jack-daws;
I griev'd to ſee it in ſuch bad repair,
What ſhould be built with ſtone and cedar fair;
We ornament our houſes,—ſure it's odd
If we ſhould then neglect the houſe of GOD;

A burial ground, my eye did next regard,
Where many a breathleſs body lay interr'd;
Thinks I, I'll ſtep in here and take my breath,
And hold a mute converſe with ſilent death;
I'd rather paſs an hour ſolitary,
Than be in company, were they e'er ſo merry:
As o'er the ſtile I went, my heart beat high,
To view the place where human ſkulls did lie:
Be calm, my ſoul, there nothing is to fear;
The wicked they do ceaſe from troubling here:
I being warm, opened up my breaſt,
And down upon a grave I ſat to reſt,
Shaded by antient trees, that bow'd their head
Over the ſilent manſions of the dead:
Here rich and poor promiſcuouſly were laid,
And ſworn enemies not an ill word ſaid.
'Tis here pre-eminence in rank there's none,
Only the willow, or the letter'd ſtone;
Equal lies here, the coward and the brave,
And nettles grow out of the proudeſt grave;
Trading is dead, and merchandize does ceaſe,
All's huſh and ſilent in this land of peace;

The miſer toileth not for golden heaps,
The virgin feareth no aſſaults nor rapes,
The warrior joys no more in wars alarms,
Nor lovers languiſh after beauty's charms:
Oh! Death! here thou the human frame do'ſt ſpoil;
E'en beauty's ſelf does fade in thy bleak ſoil;
The faireſt frames, when laid beneath theſe ſtones,
Soon turn to naked ſkulls, and rotten bones:
'Tis here the ſlave dreads not the toilſome oar,
Nor merchants tremble when the tempeſt roar;
Think ſerious, oh! my ſoul, on the dread hour,
When the great GOD will come in pomp and power;
When hills will leap, and lofty mountains ſhake,
Kings ſtand appall'd, and warlike ſultans quake;
Fierce lightnings play, rocks run in melted ſtreams,
Vaſt oceans ſerve for to augment the flames;
Stars wildly ruſh, and from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
And dreadful flames conſume an aged world;
In that dread hour, where will the wicked run?
What cavern deep th' ALMIGHTY's eye can ſhun?
When the ſhrill trump of GOD the dead does raiſe,
And ſtormy Hell expands her blazing ſeas,

Sure the ungodly will have cauſe to wail,
When conſternation turns the good man pale.
Under this ſtone, that is cloſe by my ſide,
Lies one, liv'd ſixty years, and then he dy'd;
Some aged thirty, others at ſixteen,
Some made their exit e're they light had ſeen;
And, as if fate had ſent me to this ſtone,
Lies one, whoſe age was parallel with my own:
I thank you, ye little relicks of the dead,
Ye taught me more than all the books I read.
So up I got, and ſtrong renew'd my pace,
And left thoſe ruins of the human race.

A little market town was in my way;
I came to it, 'twas on the market day;
Where all was buſtle, ſtir, and ſtunning noiſe,
The beat of drums, and ſhouts of little boys;
A row of pedlar's ſtalls the ſtreet ran down,
And cut in two diviſions all the town;
And round about ſtood crowds of country laſſes;
Some buying ribbands, others looking-glaſſes;
And many a maid, that they their face might 'ſpy,
Did prize a glaſs they had no mind to buy;

Some

Some bought, ſome ſold, ſome walk'd, and idly toy'd;
All various faces, various ways employ'd;
Some gam'd in public, and without dread or fear;
Others cry'd almanacks for the preſent year;
Rude drunken fellows through the ſtreet did rage,
And ſome cry'd ſpectacles for every age:
The living noiſy, as the dead were mute;
For all have their peculiar attribute.

A recruiting ſerjeant in my way did fling,
And aſk'd if I'd inliſt to ſerve the king;
Stroak'd down my face, and bad his maker damn me,
I'd be a fine lad, if I'd leave my mammy:
My lad, ſays he, I'll bring you to right cheer,
Mountains of roaſt beef, and wells of beer,
And bowls of punch at every inn we call,
That a dragoon might ſwim in, horſe and all;
Then when you have beat out a Frenchman's brains,
A purſe of good French gold rewards your pains;
Propos'd me three gold guineas, to inliſt,
And ſtrove to ſqueeze a ſhilling in my fiſt:
Serjeant, ſays I, what ſignifies your fun,
I'll never draw a trigger of a gun;

Nor

Nor if I can, with all your fair pretences,
Will I be ſhot at, whilſt I keep my ſenſes:
Go home, ſays he, and bear your mother's laſhes,
Loiter about, and live amongſt the aſhes;
Then gave his head a caſt, ſprang on his toes,
And gave a ſnap to catch me by the noſe;
The gaping, raw recruits, did wink and laugh,
And every one threw in their aukward ſcoff:
Sore vex'd I was, my heart within me daunted,
Enrag'd to be ſo openly affronted;
But this being no place injuries to reſent,
Biting my lip, in rage from them I went.

As I the ſtreet did ſaunter ſoftly through,
Upon the pavement lay a new horſe-ſhoe;
I went to lift it up, and in its turn,
Unto the bone it did my finger burn;
I gave a yell, with which the houſes rung,
And put my burned finger to my tongue;
'Till from a door I heard a voice to ſound,
Saying, man, why don't you keep the ſhoe you found?
Then loud they laugh'd, that I was ſo ill fix'd,
I ſneak'd away, and with the croud I mixt;

For I did deem it was ſome waggiſh boy
Had laid the ſcorching ſhoe, for a decoy.

I was growing dry; well e're I leave the town,
I'll quench my thirſt here at the Harp-and-Crown:
The houſe was throng'd, a croud ſtood on the floor,
With pinching, I got ſqueezing in the door;
I ſaw no ſeat whereon I down might ſit,
Only the ſhelf, ſo down I ſat on it:
But, oh! what noiſe, and buſy ſtir was there;
Some talk'd, ſome ſang, but moſtly all did ſwear:
Houſe, here—I cries—coming, ſir—what's your will?
With all the ſpeed you can, fetch me a jill:
The miſtreſs cries, (which made the houſe to ring)
Molly, the kettle to me quickly bring;
The maid was buſy working at the ſhelf,
The miſtreſs ſhe came running for't herſelf:
Madam, ſays I, I'll reach you off the pot;
Give me a cloth, I fear the hooks are hot:
I ne'er had ſeen a kettle, I muſt own,
But thought it like our boiling pots at home;
I went to lift it off, the water ſpins
Out of the pipe upon a fellow's ſhins;

He

He leaped up, with hideous yells and cries,
And ſwore that he had loſt his legs and thighs;
That devil did the water on me ſpill;
As ſure as death, he did it with his will:
I went and aſk'd him why he made ſuch moan?
You brute, ſays he, I'm ſcalded to the bone;
So, gentlemen, it is ill done to ſcoff me,
For, on my ſoul, the ſkin is coming off me:
Young man, ſays I, may curſes light upon me,
If I deſign'd to ſpill the water on ye:
He would not hear a word, but with a chair
Swore he would brain me, if I would ſtand there;
Nay more than that, his drunken, noiſy rout,
Sprang up, and me encompaſs'd round about;
How they'd me uſe, they made a thouſand brags,
If I'd not pay for ſcalding of his legs:
I deſperate grew, my choler high it roſe;
Says I, the firſt comes up, I'll bleed his noſe;
Then wheel'd round on the floor, and with my ſtaff
A circle made, and made them all ſtand off.
Now, all this time, there in the corner ſat
A man, that ſeem'd to love a drop of wet;

A mug

A mug of famous ale before him ſtood,
And he did drink, for it was him that could;
A clean new pipe did on the table lie,
A little box well ſtuff'd with cut and dry;
With legs acroſs he ſat, and ſaid but little,
But drank and ſmoak'd, and ſquirt tobacco ſpittle.
But give unto your fancy piercing eyes,
Whilſt I deſcribe his figure, and his ſize:
He was in height, if you'll believe the muſe,
Juſt ſix feet four, when meaſur'd in his ſhoes;
Made from the ground, he was both ſtrong and able,
His ſhoulders broader than a kitchen table;
Don't call him monſt'rous hog, or glutton beaſt,
Altho' his thigh was thicker than my waiſt;
His hair was much the colour of a fox;
A fiſt, like to the knuckle of an ox;
A look that would have frighted twenty foes;
Pock-mark'd, and ſomething flatted was his noſe;
His voice was ſtrong, and ſounded like a bell;
His face the colour of a walnut ſhell;
He had four rows of teeth;—nor think I flaw,
For ſince I've felt both upper and under jaw;

His jirkin coat juſt came unto his hinch;
His hat he wore it with a ſoldier's pinch:
Withall, I hear that he was but a twin,
And had two brothers luſtier than him:
'Twas to this generous man, for ought I know,
That I my limbs, perhaps my life, do owe:
Raſcals, he cries, what way is that to fight,
Do you intend to kill the ſtranger quite;
Young man, he ſays, —then ſprang out of his chair,—
If you get juſtice, will you box one fair?—
My coat and waiſtcoat, quickly off I flung 'em,
By Jove, ſays I, I'll fight the beſt among 'em:
He ſmil'd at that, and o'er the table ſkips,
And one of them in every hand he grips;
And with a drive, as hard as he was able,
He made their head and ſhoulders take the gable;
Then at another made a dreadful peg,
But touch'd not him that had the ſcalded leg;
With kicks and cuffs he fetch'd them to their feelings,
And drove them through the houſe, like onion peelings:
They fled the houſe, the quarrel it did ceaſe;
The bloodieſt wars do ſometime end in peace;

Whilſt

Whilſt e'er I live, he ſays,—nay, he did ſwear,
I'll take a ſtranger's part, and that is fair;
My honeſt lad, put on your cloaths, come here,
Lift up that mug, and take a drink of beer:
Says I, you ſtood my friend, I'll take a ſeat,
Be pleas'd good ſir, for to accept my treat;
I will my lad, he ſays, its all a caſe,
I like you, for you have an honeſt face:
Waiter, he cries, come here; ſir, what's your will?
Bring in more beer, for I'll both drink and ſpill:
The fray at firſt our ſubject it did prove,
And ale did make his tongue like clock-work move;
He then began, and took me unto taſk,
And twenty queſtions he of me did aſk;
My name? where I did live? and where I went
On ſabbath days? and who receiv'd my rent?
Where I paſs'd now, was I e'er here before?
All this, with patience, I did tell him o'er:
This ale, my lad, he ſays, will make us ſtronger:
Come, here's your health, for fifty years or longer:
With that he rais'd the mug, it was near full,
And drank it empty at a ſingle pull;

Then on the ale he made a learned lecture,
And call'd it preferable to wine or nectar;
He ſaid each creature living found ſome ways
Their appetite or fancy for to pleaſe;
The fiſhes they are tempted with a frog;
A bone to knaw, does ſorely tempt a dog;
Kine tempted are with graſs, the horſe with oats,
Green paſtures ſheep, even rocks do tempt the goats;
Each has it's favourite pleaſure to purſue,
And human kind have their temptation too;
Some are allured with a pompous name,
And univerſal is the love of fame;
Others their joy ſet on a beauteous face;
But powerful gold does tempt all human race;
Some like to hunt, others to fiſh, or fowl,
But my delight is in the flowing bowl,
Smoaking a pipe, drinking ale that's brown,
Carouſing with the jovial blades of town;
Sometimes I raiſe a fray, to pleaſe my wiſhes,
Break earthen jugs, and knock down pewter diſhes;
And takes a ſtranger's part whilſt in my power;
Now ſay how you would chuſe to paſs an hour.

This

This was the talk of this carouſing blade;
And then this anſwer unto him I made;
On a fair ſummers day, I'd chuſe to lie
On ſome green bank, that fac'd the ſouthern ſky;
The ground to be ſpread o'er with daiſies fair;
Behind a grove to ſcreen the northern air;
Below the bank, a little rill ſhould wander,
Should trot and bubble in it's crook'd meander;
Before me I'd have friſking lambs to feed,
And ſome inſtructive uſeful book to read;
A fragant ſmell I'd have my ſenſe to meet,
Of pinks and violets, and of woodbine ſweet,
If 'twere convenient, I would take delight
To have the ſea and ſhipping in my ſight;
Nor would I envy at the floating wealth,
Having liberty, freſh air, ſun-ſhine, and my health;
But on the green I'd lie, and take my eaſe,
And let the noiſy world wheel on it's ways.
He laugh'd, and ſaid, it did him much ſurprize,
To ſee the place where my contentment lies;
A place that only fitteth maidens fair,
To dance and raiſe their maypole in the air;

Fine groves, and purling ſtreams, cool ſhades, bird ſingers,
He never valu'd that—(ſnapping his fingers)
Then thundering loud, he ſung that loyal glee,
"Ranting, roaring WILLY, is welcome home to me."
Says I, that is the way that you incline;
You have your way to joy, and I have mine:
When one's content, it baniſhes all woe,
There's none unhappy, but them who think they're ſo:
But it is wearing late, I muſt away:
Drink, if you pleaſe, I'll ſee what is to pay.
My friend, he ſays, I really muſt make free,
To aſk you, for to lodge this night with me;
I hear you can converſe, I ſhould delight
For you to ſtay and crack with me this night:
'Bout three miles out of town ſtands my abode,
'Tis on your way, juſt ſtanding by the road;
It ſtands upon a hill, you can't but ſpy it;
You'll ſee it for a mile e're you come nigh it;
But one thing is that you muſt mind, for ſure,
It's built with mud, and porches at the door;
Below the houſe, there is a little lough,
And at the door there is a knocking trough;

In half an hour's time I'll follow you,
Whene'er upon my horſe I get a ſhoe:
Says I, you're kind in every reſpect,
To ſtay and lodge with you I won't neglect;
Well then, he ſays, we'll riſe and go away;
Put up your caſh, for ne'er a ſouſe you'll pay;
For what we had he paid the money down;
So up we roſe, I poſted out of town.

There was a mountain that was in my way,
Cover'd with rocks, that age had worn quite grey;
Where not a living creature was ſeen there,
Except a flying bird, or running hare,
A cavern'd badger, or a cunning fox,
Or goats that nimbly climb the pointed rocks;
My heart rejoic'd as up it I did go,
To view the lovely country lay below;
I gain'd its ſummit, tho' my knees did ake;
Nor could forbear this ſoliloquy to make:—
Thou mountain, great and huge, that ſtands compleat,
Tho' oceans break their billows at thy feet;
Where many a creature frolick in thy glade,
And into diſtant nations throws thy ſhade;

There ſtood the ſhock of many a circling year,
Whilſt generations ſink and diſappear:
Great *Sinai!* thou I chiefly do addreſs,
That ſtands in *Arab*'s torrid wilderneſs;
To thee, the moſt renown'd of all thy kind,
Who once in grandeur terrible did ſhine;
Shook to thy centre, when the ALMIGHTY ſpoke;
Trembled each pore, and ſweat out clouds of ſmoak;
Into convulſions thy whole frame did'ſt throw,
And ſkip'd and leap'd like the affrighted roe;
Whilſt o'er thy rocky ſides, the lightning blue,
And thunder's roar, around thy borders flew;
When MOSES good, did with his maker meet,
And Iſraelites lay proſtrate at thy feet;
As o'er thy ſurface flaming bolts were hurl'd,
Were laws and ſtatutes given to the world,
By him, who on mount CALV'RY bow'd his head,
And meekly ſaid, now it is finiſhed.
What's yon, that from this eminence I ſpy,
Seems like a plain, and bounded by the ſky?
It is the ocean, ſtretch'd out far and wide,
Throwing it's ſtormy waves around in pride;

Well

Well I'll go down and on its banks I'll ſit,
And muſe on what I heard and read of it:
The ocean, 'ere this time I ne'er had ſeen:
Bleſs me! ſometimes its red, and ſometimes green;
How furiouſly it's raging billows riſe,
And ſeem to daſh themſelves againſt the ſkies;
Againſt the rocks the ſurging tide does roar
The curled waves, how they aſſault the ſhore:
Yet, ſtrange to ſee! a great controuling hand
Does ſtop its foree, with little piles of ſand:
Here treaſures dormant lies hid from the day,
And many a grim fell form here does play;
Yet I'm afraid to look upon it's face,
It ſurely muſt be a moſt dangerous place:
Thou dreadful ocean, ſtill I'll ſtrive to ſhun you:
God help them who've their bread to win upon you.
So up I got, again to puſh my way,
And left this ſtormy, foaming, frowning ſea.
Strange! tho' no ſtorms the ocean now aſſails,
And only fann'd by ſoft and gentle gales;
Yet ſtill the ſurging tide does wear a frown,
And ſeems to ſtrive once more the earth to drown;

Still working on, and never is at reſt;
An emblem true of many a human breaſt.

Now the ſtill ev'ning grey was drawing nigh;
The ſetting ſun beſtreak'd the weſtern ſky;
Whilſt lazy exhalations, and thick fogs,
Stole lofty o'er the lakes and marſhy bogs;
The little birds had now withdrawn to reſt,
And cloſely ſquatted in their feather'd neſt;
The freſh-fac'd ſhepherd, and his truſty dog,
The fleecy flocks off to the fold did jog;
Whilſt the young nymphs and ſwains as briſk as fawns,
Did ſport and frolick o'er the daiſy lawns.
How wiſe is providence in every plan!
Good to all creatures, fatherly to man;
Slowly, and by degrees, does night invade,
And ſeems reluctant to diſplay her ſhade:
It's near an hour ſince the ſun did ſet,
Yet I'm ſupply'd with light to travel yet;
When had I been at once abſorb'd in night,
'Twould hurt the tender organs of the ſight.
Now 'twas grown dark, and what encreas'd my woe,
I had a mile of lonely road to go;

I trem-

I trembled every limb, my heart beat high,
There's none ſo 'fraid to walk at night as I:
Many a ſtory ruſh'd into my mind,
Of fairies dancing in a whirlwind;
Of cries from graves, long men as black as pitch;
And De'els like black pigs, grunting in a ditch;
Hobgoblins, that did people pinch in bed,
And groans from the damp manſions of the dead;
Of witches, running round a church by night,
And willy-wiſp with his illuſive light;
That ev'ry buſh appearing to my view,
I thought it was a man, and headleſs too.
Some nurſes, they an evil cuſtom keep;
When children are more fond of play than ſleep,
Tell monſt'rous tales, the children's fears to raiſe,
Which ſtrongly do their infant fancy ſeize;
And make them 'fraid and timorous all their days.
As faſt as one foot could go paſt another,
I poſted on, 'till I was like to ſmother,
For want of breath;—nor ever ſlack'd my pace,
'Till I my friend's houſe gain'd on the hill face:
A great large maſtiff barked in the door,
A chearful fire glanced thro' the floor,

A maiden hemm'd a handkerchief of ſilk,
The good wife at the ſhelf ſtood ſtraining milk;
The children played round the fire ſide;
Some of them laugh'd, whilſt others whin'd and cry'd;
No farther than the halloon wall I went,
Until I told who had me thither ſent;
The miſtreſs ſaid, that I was welcome there;
And bad her daughter bring me forth a chair:
Brought me a drink, then went unto her ſeat,
And took, and ſtop'd the poker in the grate:
So her, and I, began to chat together
Upon that never failing theme, the weather;
But ſhe ſoon chang'd the talk, for ſhe was frantic
About the wars beyond the Atlantic;
Aſk'd if I heard if we did win at ſea:
Or how Sir H——y C——n puſh'd his way:
If we were likely *Boſton* to regain,
Or was their independence own'd by *Spain*;
If B——s army was like to get free,
Diſcours'd of GATES, of WASHINGTON, and LEE;
'Bout fights, and ſhips of war, the kitchen rung,
And ſeldom I got leave to move my tongue;

So

So mad 'bout ſtate affairs was this good dame,
At length ſhe ceas'd, for home the good man came.
Now as I ſat, this brawny man to view,
Perhaps you think his wife was luſty too;
Quite the reverſe, a woman, low and ſpare,
Pale fac'd, a Roman noſe, and blackiſh hair;
To join a man of ſuch a brawny ſtature,
A woman ſure is a couragious creature;
The man put up his horſe, and then came in,
Took off his hat, and hung it on a pin;
Said I was very welcome to his cot,
And aſk'd if I had any ſupper got:
How I the houſe had found, he did enquire;
Then took a chair, and ſat down by the fire.
Each nodding child now raiſed up its head,
Flock'd round his knee, and aſk'd for gingerbread;
The wife, ſhe aſk'd, after her uſual way,
If he had ſeen, or heard the news o'the day:
Yes, that I have, ſays he, and a defeat
The rebels they have got it moſt compleat;
I knew our troops would beat them by degrees;
(Then wink'd at me, and gave my thigh a ſqueeze:)

Our

Our valiant fleets will bring the nation wealth ;
Bring us ſome beer, we'll toaſt our ſoldiers health :
She ſaid ſhe would, and ſoon ſhe fetch'd a quart ;
That made our blood to flow, and cheer'd our heart ;
Nor was the wife in drinking very nice,
But drank the army's health more times than twice ;
The ale went flowing round, and in a crack
Her tongue went like the flyers of a jack ;
She quits the theme of war, and did begin
To praiſe her daughter that did ſit and ſpin ;
The gown ſhe wore, it was herſelf that made it ;
Belov'd by every perſon, tho' ſhe ſaid it :
Of all her cloaths ſhe was extremely nice,
And never anger'd her in her life but twice ;
One time ſhe a whole churn of milk did ſpill,
And once went to a dance againſt her will ;
Nay, if a man would only touch her cloaths,
She'd be abaſh'd, and bluſh like any roſe ;
Says I, I love to ſee a modeſt face ;
Baſhfulneſs always is a ſign of grace :
I got no more ſaid, 'till ſhe rais'd her voice,
I know, ſays ſhe, ſhe's any young man's choice :

But for to woo, ſhe ſhall not yet begin;
If I be ſpar'd, I'll ſtrictly keep her in:
For I do not deſign to eaſy quit her,
They'll really ride a high horſe, that will get her:
The man replies, ſhe'll be like all her ſex,
They'll pleaſe themſelves, if they ſhould break their necks;
Before I would (then he a round oath ſwears)
Watch one of them, I'd herd a field of hares;
She then began, and a long ſtory told
About her little ſon, ſcarce two years old;
'Twas very ſeldom it would fret or weep;
And always waken'd pleaſant out of ſleep;
It never at it's meat did take the pout,
Nor in it's life it's head did e'er break out,
Said tho' her huſband was a country yeoman,
A ſingle ſixpence he did owe to no man:
On ſabbath days ſhe car'd not who did view him;
The juſtice, or the rector, would ſpeak to him:
Her carts were good, ſo likewiſe were her plows,
Her calves were better than her neighbours cows.
Strove to perſuade me that her kids were fawns,
Her turkeys peacocks, and her geeſe were ſwans;

The

The man ſaid little, for I'd give my oath
She had diſcourſe ſufficient for them both:
This was the way we paſs'd the evening by;
Till time to go to bed was drawing nigh.
Now ſupper it was o'er, the diſhes clean'd,
The children ſtripp'd for bed, the flummery ſtrain'd;
The good wife tied her head, unlac'd her ſtays,
And then the cradle blanket look'd for fleas;
The dog put out, and locked faſt the door,
For fear of ſhins, the ſtools clear'd off the floor;
The good man he unbuttoned his veſt;
Yawn'd once or twice, and 'gan to ſcratch his breaſt;
His garters off his knees, he did unlooſe,
And took the buckles out of both his ſhoes;
The daughter ſhe cloſe cover'd up the fire;
And then to bed we all did ſoon retire.
But ſtay,— ſhall I lie down like to a brute?
Shall I, who have the uſe of ſpeech be mute?
Is there no word of thanks, or hymn of praiſe,
To him who is the author of my days,
And bleſſings on me ſheds a thouſand ways?

What

What tho' no thunders o'er my head did roar,
Nor earth did yawn her jaws for to devour:
No dreadful lightenings did around me fly,
Or vengeful bolts come whizzing from the ſky:
Yet other dangers lie in wait for man;
Whoſe life is brittle, and his years a ſpan;
A falling tile might give the fatal ſtroke;
A horſe may ride me down, a fly may choak;
A little ſtone, GOLIAH ſlew as well
As if a mountain had upon him fell:
Thou me preſerv'd, great GOD of peace and love;
I'll call on thee whilſt e'er my tongue can move:
This ſaid, the candle puff'd, and at a chair
I kneeled down, and made this fervent prayer.

Thou power ſupreme, whoſe goodneſs does diſplay,
Author of nature, earth, and air, and ſea;
Thou alſo mad'ſt the day, and thou the night,
Sun, moon, and ſtars, amazing globes of light;
Cloath'd them with brightneſs, made 'em forth to go
Swift as an arrow from a giant's bow.
Thoſe glorious orbs that gild the evening ſky,
The ocean deep, the mountains towering high;

Each bird that flies, each tree, and plant, and flower,
Speaks loudly thy almighty ſkill, and power.
O God of nature, every tongue muſt own,
That all our ways diſtinct to thee are known;
How far this morning from my mental ſight,
That in this dwelling, I ſhould ſtay this night:
Yet thou it knew, 'twas thou that laid the plan;
The minuteſt action thou e'er doſt ſcan;
Thou find'ſt the fox a hole, the bird a neſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the raven's neſt:
Thy powerful word does cauſe the earth to yield,
'Tis thou that cloaths the lillies of the field;
Each creeping reptile nouriſh'd is by thee;
Shall I ſuſpect that thou forgeteth me?
No gracious God, thy goodneſs me doth charm,
Thou wheels creation with thy powerful arm;
Thou ſtills the wind, and calms the raging ſeas,
And at one view immenſity ſurveys;
Yet joy to think thou claims me as thy own,
As well as the archangel on a throne:
Calls me thy ſon, what rapture in that name,
Bought with a price, that angels cannot claim;

When

When e'er the world is like to preſs me down,
Or fortune threatens with a low'ring frown;
If want, or famine, ſhould me ſore diſtreſs,
Or dread oppreſſion ſhould my ſpirits preſs!
Yet daily I will to thy altar go,
And bleſs the friendly hand that gives the blow;
Still hope in thee, 'till I give up the ghoſt,
And in that gloomy hour, hope the moſt:
This ſaid, I went, and down in bed I lay,
Reſolv'd to puſh my journey on next day.

ON THE RIVER BANN.

NOW ſprings the muſe, on vigorous pinions born;
And lights upon the lofty hills of MORN:*
In gloomineſs and rugged rocks array'd,
And on the ocean throws a heavy ſhade;
With brow erect, it braves the ſtorm tho' loud,
And with its top does rift the ſkimming cloud:

* Large Mountains in the County of DOWN.

But chiefly of its clear tranſparent ſpring,
The bard in humble verſe intends to ſing:
From out a prominent rock with age grown frail,
That nods in horror, o'er the duſky vale;
There ſprings the infant BANN with gentle flow,
And o'er the pebbles trots a mile or ſo:
Then joins two rivers on the mountain ſide;
Unites its waves with theirs, and on does glide:
But like an artful nation when it's weak,
Does peaceful words to neighbouring princes ſpeak;
'Till they have got the force they would deſire,
Then burſts, and ſtrives to ſet the world on fire;
So with the BANN, for now come to a ſteep;
It has got ſtrength, and ſcorns due bounds to keep:
Out o'er the rocks with foam and angry frown,
Daſhes its waves in mighty cataracts down;
Loud roars the angry waves, through rifted rocks,
And ſtunns with terror all the neighbouring flocks;
So thus it ruſhes down into the plain;
Loſes its ſtrength, and quiet grows again;
Anon it turns into a peaceful ford;
Runs by the dwelling of an antient lord;

In former times who'd kept a warlike band,
'Till *Oliverian* troops ſubdu'd the land;
Oft' times the ſoldier ſally'd from its wall;
When province kings into contention fall;
With dreadful ſhout aſſail'd the haughty foe,
Sent forth the darts of death, or twang'd the bended bow;
On flows the BANN, through many a pleaſant vale;
Where flowers in ſpring, a rich perfume exhale:
Its lovely banks bedeck'd with daiſies trim,
The waves do gently kiſs the flow'ry brim;
With waving groves its banks are all array'd,
The watry mirror does reflect the ſhade;
Whilſt interſpers'd ſweet ſmelling ſhrubs there grows;
The bloſſom'd thorn, and the ſweet bluſhing roſe:
Onward it glides its clear and gentle ſtream,
By a fair town that takes from it its name:
Then makes its way through GUILDFORD, lovely town;
And navigable grows at PORTADOWN:
Here boats upon its glaſs-like ſurface ſail;
With canvas ſpread, to catch the fanning gale;
Here bitterns hum amidſt the wat'ry leaves,
And little boats ride tilting o'er the waves;

Through

Through flowry meads moves on in ſilent flow,
And in the lake call'd NEAGH, its waves doth throw:
Yet ſeems to ſcorn a notice for to take
Of the ſtill waters of a ſtanding lake:
Four leagues acroſs you may obſerve the ſtream;
Then joins the land and rolls on to COLERAIN:
O'er a ſteep rock it foaming makes its way,
And then diſgorges in the Iriſh ſea.

Fair pleaſing ſtream where beauty ſtill does ſmile;
More fam'd than GANGES or the flowing NILE:
No fell hyenea lurks within thy woods,
No crocodile does plunge within thy floods;
No ſerpent e'er in poiſonous coil there lies,
No cockatrice darts venom from its eyes;
No doleful owl does ſcream amidſt thy oaks,
Or raven ſending forth hoarſe ominous croaks;
Here ſings the black-bird, and the chanting thruſh,
And doves that coo amidſt the myrtle buſh:
Upon thy ſloping banks the flocks do feed,
And ſhepherds pipe upon their oaten reed;
Thy meads exhibit a moſt dazzling ſhew;
Throughout ſpread linens, white as new fell ſnow:

The

The blitheſome milkmaids dance upon thy green,
And with fair garlands crown their may-day queen:
In ſummer evenings when the miſts do riſe,
And fiſhes leap to catch th'unwary flies;
The ſolitary fiſher quits the brook;
His baſket fill'd with victims of his hook:
When the ſwink't hedger at his ſupper ſits,
And news is read by political wits;
Then the young nymphs and ſwains they do unite;
Dance round a ring, which ſhews their hearts are light:
On banks of BANN they nimbly ſkip and ſing,
And ſongs of mirth do make the vallies ring;
Delightful ſtreams, may thy fair cryſtal flood
Never be diſtain'd with yellow mud;
Millions of clear and gentle rills,
Trickle from thy adjacent hills;
May ſummer's drought, or ſol's bright ſcorching eye,
Never make thy pebbly bottom dry.

THE CHOICE.

WHAT, tho' moroſe, ſhe has got gold,
Of it ſhe's over proud;
Her tongue eternally does ſcold,
Vain, talkative, and loud.

MELINDA fair, with flaxen hair,
Adds virtue to her charms;
No gold poſſeſs'd, yet he is bleſs'd
That gets her to his arms.

Ye powers grant MELINDA mine,
I'll not deſpair for bread;
Our hopes we'll place on him through time,
By whom the eagle's fed.

To a BENEFACTOR.

SIR,

ONCE on a time, as antient poets ſay,
A lion, rampant took his dreadful way;
Throughout the foreſt ran, with hideous roar;
With fangs, and teeth, juſt ready to devour:
Each creature, that did hear his ſtunning cry,
Through fear of death, out of his path did fly:
But oh! alas! ſure fleſh and blood is weak;
How frail's the ſtrength that bones and ſinews make!
A litle thorn, no thicker than a pin,
With nimble prick, between his toes ran in;
Down fell the lordly ſavage on the plain;
Oft' he had roar'd for food, but now with pain:
He with his teeth did ſtrive it forth to draw,
But all in vain it ſtill ſtuck in his paw:
Moſt people think that men are not ſo bold
In modern times, as they have been of old;
A ſhepherd ſwain did chance to come that way,
Seeking a lamb, that from the flock did ſtray;

Nigh to the place he happened to go,
And ſaw the lion licking of his toe;
He trembled, leſt the lion might him ſpy;
Nor durſt a ſingle ſtep attempt to fly:
The lion heard his foot, all being huſh,
And ſaw the ſhepherd peeping through the buſh.
Inſtinct of nature, made the ſavage chief
Make ſigns, which ſhew'd he wanted quick relief;
Rais'd up his paw, then laid it down again,
To ſhew that he was in exceſſive pain;
And begg'd the man that he might pity take,
For it is thought beaſts by their looks do ſpeak:
The ſhepherd, by this time began to gueſs,
The lion muſt be in ſome deep diſtreſs;
Took courage, went, and ſearched for the wound,
Pull'd out the thorn, for it he quickly found;
The grateful beaſt, that did ſuch kindneſs meet,
Did ſtroke the ſhepherds legs, and kiſs his feet;
'Roſe up, and limping after him did jog,
And all his life did ſerve him as a dog;
Let this be fictious, or let it be true,
It minds me ſir, of what I owe to you;

You

You ſtill on me did caſt a favouring eye,
And help'd me all did in your power lie;
In every way you ſtrove to do me good;
And ſhall a brute excel in gratitude?
Forbid it Heavens! that I ſhould be ſo naught,
Forbid it every juſt, and manly thought:
I nought can give, but thanks, and thoſe are bare;
Yet Heaven approves of them when made ſincere.

May Fortune choiceſt bleſſings on you ſhed,
Throw balm and ſpicy odours on your head:
Have peace of mind, and all your life-time health,
And if t'would do you good, I'd wiſh you wealth:
In peace and quiet, paſs by life's frail thread;
Until the almond flouriſh on your head:
When windows do grow dark, and grinders ceaſe;
Angels deſcend, and you attend unto a land of peace.

THE FIRST

Chapter of GENESIS PARAPHRASED.

IN the beginning, GOD he did create
The Heavens, and earth, but immature their ſtate;
The earth was void, darkneſs the ſway did keep;
The ſpirit of GOD mov'd on the hoary deep:
Let there be light the great JEHOVAH ſaid;
Gay chearing light the ſummons quick obey'd:
That it was good th' ALMIGHTY he deſcry'd,
And light from diſmal darkneſs did divide:
GOD gave the name of day, to chearing light,
And black and hoary darkneſs he call'd night;
Creation now, in light took her array;
Evening and morning finiſh'd the firſt day.

A firmament, the LORD he did provide,
The waters, from the waters to divide;
Above, and underneath with rapid flow,
Ruſh'd from the firmament, and it was ſo;

The

The firmament was now, the Heavens gay;
Evening and morning, paſs'd the ſecond day.

Again the ALMIGHTY power gave command;
Fly ſwift ye fluid waters off the land;
From pole, to pole, the ruſhing waves did flow
To one capacious bed, and it was ſo:
Be dry land earth, GOD ſaid, waters ſeas ſhall be;
It good and glorious was, the LORD did ſee;
And GOD ſaid, let the earth ſpontaneous yield
The herb, and pleaſant fruit-tree of the field;
Let herb, and fruit-tree, by their own ſeed grow,
Whoſe ſeed is in itſelf, and it was ſo;
Now earth, her buxom boſom forth diſplay'd;
With graſs, and flowers, of every hue array'd;
Ambroſial trees, uſeful to ſight and food,
Brought forth to their kind, GOD ſaw that it was good;
None from their firſt original did ſtray;
Evening and morning, made up the third day.

Again, GOD ſaid, let there be two great lights
I'th firmament, to meaſure days and nights;

The earth to chear, with their enlivening rays,
And divide ſeaſons, circling years, and days.
Crude matter quick, the powerful word did know;
The lights leap'd into being, and it was ſo:
The orb that we call ſun, amazing great;
To chear the earth at once with light and heat:
The leſſer ſilver moon, to rule the night;
He made the ſtars amazing globes of light:
Full in the ſpacious firmament's concave,
God did them place that earth ſhe light might have:
Between grim darkneſs, and this earth they ſtood;
God was well pleas'd, and ſaw that it was good:
Now Heaven's bright ſyſtems wheel'd their deſtin'd way,
Earth on its axis ſpun out the fourth day.

And God ſaid let the waters plentious bring
Creatures of life, and fowl to ſoar on wing:
The winged fowl, bring forth abundantly,
In Heaven's open firmament to fly.

So ſpake the ſovereign word, forthwith the ſeas,
The rivers, and the lakes, the creeks and bays;

All

All the great fluid world between the poles,
Innumerably teem'd with finny ſhoals:
Here the great whale, that ſports with gambolic tail,
And makes the ocean like a pot to boil:
Millions of feather'd fowl were now on wing,
And with their new ſtrain'd throats did praiſes ſing:
Each to their own kind, did bring forth their brood,
None ſwerv'd aſide, God ſaw that it was good.
God bleſſed all the works that he had made,
And bleſsing them, the great creator ſaid:

Be fruitful all ye creatures that have breath,
Fiſhes in ſeas, and fowls within the earth;
Obedience to the great command they pay:
Evening and morning, paſſed the fifth day.

And God ſaid, let the earth abundant bring,
Creatures of life, cattle, and creeping thing;
And every beaſt fetch to its kind, when lo!
God ſpake the powerful word, and it was ſo:
Each beaſt after its kind, and creeping thing,
Cattle, or inſect, on its feeble wing;

Whether

Whether they proſtrate crawl'd, or flew or ſtood,
God made them all, and ſaw that they were good.

Now came the maſter-piece of the great plan;
God ſaid let's make in our image, Man;
After our likeneſs, let him dominion have
Over the fiſhes of the lucid wave;
O'er fowl, and cattle, ſtrong dominion keep,
And every reptile that on earth does creep;
So God did man into exiſtence bring;
After God's image was this terreſtial king.
Male and female he did them create,
And blooming earth deſtin'd their happy ſeat;
God bleſs'd them, ſaying, this earth I give to you;
Increaſe and multiply, the earth ſubdue;
O'er fiſh and fowl, and beaſts of the dry land,
Have thou dominion placed in thy hand;
God ſaid to them, behold I give to thee,
Each herb that beareth ſeed, and every tree:
The fruit of every tree which beareth ſeed,
Shall be to you for meat, I have decreed:
And every beaſt or fowl wherein there's breath,
All things of life, that creep upon the earth;

And every herb that out of earth doth grow,
I give to you for meat, and it was ſo:
God viewed all the works that he had made,
All good for uſe, in beauteous garb array'd;
Heaven ſhone with ſtars, the earth in verdure gay;
Evening and morning finiſhed the ſixth day.

COMBE VILLAGE.

FAIR charming *Combe*, ſhall ſhare the muſes lays,
Where chearful ſpring, its earlieſt tribute pays;
There firſt the violet meets the bluſhing morn,
There firſt, the primroſe peeps from 'neath the thorn;
Low poverty's relieved, and every care
Is ſure to find a ready aſylum there.

Down in a vale, where nature joys to bloom,
There ſtands the lovely, rural villa, *Combe*;
Snug farm houſes, a tranſparent pool;
Its ſtately groves, its ſhady arbours cool:
Its uſeful bridge, its modeſt church that riſe,
And points to where it leads, up to the ſkies;

Nothing is ſeen around it low or mean;
But all is uſeful, rural, heartſome, clean:
Strangers admire, as they are paſſing thro',
Turn on their heel, to take a ſecond view.

In ſprings ſoft ſeaſon, what a lovely ſhew,
To ſee thy orchards bloſſom white as ſnow;
Thy fragrant Groves appear in verdure gay;
Spout forth their buds to SOL's enlivening ray:
While little birds upon the branches ſing,
And joyous, hail the new returned ſpring.

In ſummer ſeaſon when the day is long,
What joy and mirth, what glee, and feſtive ſong;
Oft'time with pleaſure I have ſat and ſeen,
Thy nymphs and ſwains to frolick on the green,
In blitheſome mirth, and all their actions juſt;
As free from thought of guilt, as ſtars from ruſt.

In autumn, what a joy to look around,
To ſee thy hills with ripened wheat all crown'd;
Thy brawny reapers, as they toil and ſweat,
With twanging ſickles level lay the wheat:

Whilſt

Whilſt the full waggon, it is coming home,
Loaded with ſheaves, that make the axle groan;
And nimble ruſtics, lightly leap and run,
With loud huzza's, proclaim the harveſt won.

When frigid winter o'er our iſland reigns,
Hardens the glebe, and binds the flood in chains;
When ſcowling hail, does all around us fly,
Or guſhing rain, comes from the angry ſky;
What tho' the earth is pinched by the froſt,
Only the beauty of thy groves is loſt.
Rude ſurly winds has down their foliage caſt,
Their arms do ſtill keep off the northern blaſt;
The ſhivering herds down from the hills do run,
Under their bows, the guſhing rains to ſhun:
As ſome ag'd matron who in youthful years,
Had heal'd the widow's moans, and orphan's tears;
Now fall'n in want herſelf, ſhe does bewail,
Yet gives advice when other means do fail.

How many leiſure hours I would chooſe
For to regale in at the fox and gooſe:

Whilſt the dry faggot on the earth it burns,
The joke and drink went by alternate turns;
The ſmiling circle laugh'd, or read the news,
Smoak'd, chatted, talk'd politics, or what you chooſe.

Delightful village, may the fates decree
My laſt, my only reſidence in thee:
At thy burn ſide, hard by yon buſhy dell,
In a ſmall little cott, I'd chooſe to dwell;
In thy bleſt ſhades, retirement I'd find;
Retirement, thou cordial to the mind:
There I would live in peace, and take my eaſe,
And let the buſy world, wheel on its ways:
Nor would my clay, quit with you after death,
Nor part thy ſoil, when I would part my breath;
Under ſome little ſtone, in thy church yard,
I would deſire to have my bones inter'd.

COMBE CAMP.

SHALL trivial ſubjects, whilſt my lyre is ſtrung,
Engroſs my verſe, and thee remain unſung,
Fair ſtately Camp, where beauteous order riſe,
And burniſh'd ſteel does flaſh againſt the ſkies;
No, may I dumb, or ſilent be that day,
When I refuſe thee, or deny the lay.

Behold on *Combe*'s fair and extended dale,
With ſteeds that champ the bit, and paw the vale,
Great *Britain*'s ſons do ſet their ſtrength to view,
And ſhew the trembling world what they can do;
Here warlike grandeur makes a pompous ſhew,
With tents that glitter, white as drifted ſnow.
Nothing is ſeen over the warlike field,
But veteran troops, array'd in ſhining ſteel;
So terrible in pomp, and war attire,
That all the field does ſeem to gleam with fire;
The valiant ſquadrons, ſee, as they advance,
Whoſe very name does awe the heart of *France*.

What

What tho' the Royal preſence grace not thee,*
Nor on you pitch'd the royal grand marquee?
Pale flattery oft, hangs round the chair of ſtate,
And ſervile adulation to the great:
Not ſo, in thee fair camp, ſociety
Has fixed its chief reſidence with thee;
No party ſpirit or dire family feud,
Does here prevail, or on the camp intrude;
Let hoſtile foes be weary to engage,
For woe's the force meets *Britain*'s ſons in rage:
Yet mild in peace, and ſhedding blood, diſlikes,
And always ſhakes the rod before ſhe ſtrikes.
Hail glorious *Britain*, once the world's eye,
Whoſe freedom enſlaved nations did envy,
Thy ſtrength did ſtill ſupport the feeble knee,
Laid tyrants low, and ſet the captive free.
Let no one ſay that *India*'s ſultry plain,
Or *Ganges*' arms did *Paradiſe* contain;
Were I, to judge by what of you I ſee,
Sure *England*, that fair garden was in thee.

---

* At the time this was wrote, his Majeſty had not viſited this Camp.

Oft'

Oft' has thy puiſſant arms made haughty *France*,
With fear, and not with mirth, to ſkip and dance;
But now inſidious foes has enmity
Put in between thy foreign ſons and thee;
But when *Combe* Camp does like a torrent break
Rebellion, it will to the baſis ſhake,
And even haughty *France* be taught to know
That *Britain* can be either friend or foe;
By powerful arms will all their projects ſpoil,
And like the lion, fiercer grow in toil.
As ſome tall tow'ring tree, that long has ſtood
The beauty, pride, and envy of the wood;
When ſtormy winds do toſs in rage and roar,
Low ſhrubs ſtand quiet whilſt it's vex'd and tore;
But tho' its roots are ſtrained in the ſoil,
Tho' bent to earth, it backwards doth recoil;
Throws back its ſtately head with furious caſt,
And ſtronger grows by every heavy blaſt:
So fare with *Britain*; may ſhe always grow,
Superiour to each inſulting foe;
Amen, ſay all, let no one tongue be mute,
But join with me, a ſimple young recruit.

THE DRILL.

FATE, ſteady fate, how wond'rous ſeems thy way,
That to the ſons of men thou doſt diſplay
Thy conſtant circle, that ſtill moving round,
Oft' raiſes up, and as oft' daſhes down.
Life is a jeſt, deep thought does nought avail,
Kingdoms, like private perſons alike are frail.
Ill fares a nation, when its trade decay,
To want, it quickly does become a prey;
So fares it with *Hibernia*'s fertile plains,
With all its blitheſome nymphs and rural ſwains;
No more its ruſtics meet in joyful mirth,
To toſs the brown mug at an infant's birth;
No more is play'd, the pipe, or gameſome lute,
The ſprightly violin, or ſoft ſounding flute;
No more the dancer ſhakes a quivering toe,
When ſpinning MEG does wed the plowman JOE:
All penſive droop, and to ſome gloomy ſhade
Retire, and there bemoan the loſs of trade.

It is not many months ago, ſince I
Enjoy'd my freedom and my liberty,
Before I e'er took up a haverſack,
Or bullying ſerjeant to rattan my back,
When on my ſtockings there might be a ſpot;
No matter if my ſhoes were black or not:
Then, calmly I could lie, and take my reſt,
No powder'd hair, or ruffles at my breaſt:
When at my eaſe I liv'd in a warm cot,
And had of land a fertile handſome ſpot:
What tho' my roof, no tiles or ſlates ſuſtain,
The well pack'd thatch kept out the driving rain;
A chearful fire glanced thro' my floor;
My wife could milk her own cow at my door;
Each day, a dinner dreſs'd by my good dame,
And chearing ſmells from boiling beef pots came:
My horſe was ſure to know me at firſt ſight;
Nay more, my dog would know my feet at night:
Oft' I would walk in a fair evening tide,
And muſe in quiet by a river's ſide;
Where oziers green were nodding o'er the waves,
And water lillies ſpread their moiſten'd leaves;

Then home return with calm and ſerene breaſt;
Return my thanks to GOD, and go to reſt.
Thus did I live but in a low degree;
If ſome liv'd better, ſome liv'd worſe than me:
'Till trading bad, and loſs of different kind,
Made me enliſt, and leave them all behind.

Heaven has a way of working here below,
Too intricate for human minds to know;
Oft'times we're drove in a reluctant mood,
To things, that quickly proves our greateſt good;
I joined a regiment that I ſhortly found,
Its fame was ſpread through *Europe* round and round;
Men mild in peace, as Zephyr's in the ſpring,
Yet bold as lions to ſupport their king;
This joy and comfort to my mind did yield,
When the ſixth of July we took the field.

At firſt I thought it hard for to ſuſtain,
The ſtir and the fatigue of a campaign;
Foraging firſt, then going to the longe;
Waſhing of manes and tails with comb and ſponge.

Noſe

The noſe bags next, then ſweeping with a broom;
Riding to water, twice a day, to *Combe*:
Then in a hurry for the drill prepare,
My ſhoes made black, and powder in my hair;
Then ſtepping forth, and falling in the ranks,
Filing off from the centre and the flanks;
Striving to march with a ſtout firm tread;
Puſh back my ſhoulders, and keep up my head:
My breaſt puſh'd out, and preſſed back my thighs,
Then going o'er the manual exerciſe;
But, ſtill I ſtrove to learn, for truth is beſt;
An undiſciplin'd ſoldier's but a jeſt:
And then, I have laid out a thouſand ways,
To make my loaf to laſt me out four days;
But now, by plain experience I do ſee,
Its pinch'd enough, by Jove, to laſt me three:
Some of them damn my eyes and limbs, I'm ſleeping,
Holla! make haſte, damn you, you are always ſleeping:
So many cry at once, by the God Cupid,
I do forget myſelf, and ſo ſeem ſtupid.

How oft' I to the magazine did go,
To view the lovely country down below;

Fair WILTON's fruitful vale, my eye ſurvey'd,
Its lovely buildings, and its cooling ſhade;
The beauteous park, in which, the nimble fawns
Did ſkip and frolick o'er the daiſy lawns.

Next, SARUM's city took my wond'ring ſight;
Where art and nature, hand in hand unite:
Its lofty ſpire advanced high in air,
And ev'ry building like a palace fair;
The winding AVON glides beneath its feet;
Nay more, it condeſcends to waſh its ſtreet:
How pleaſing for a curious eye to view,
The works that art and nature they can do.

The noiſy rear, I oft' did paſs by it,
(When leiſure would permit) to muſe in quiet;
Hail ſolitude! balm of the human breaſt,
That ſooths our paſſions, lulls our cares to reſt:
Far from the noiſe of camps, or din of wars,
Can make a Heaven for men, beneath the ſtars;
Thanks be to Heaven, that deſtin'd me to find,
The ſoothing comfort of a muſing mind.

In

In all my wand'rings thro' this world of care,
And of them, plenteous God has given me ſhare;
I ſtill had hope the ſcale would ſometime turn,
To make me ſmile, for often I did mourn:
Soft dove-ey'd hope, a bleſſing that is given
Unto the breaſt of man, by bounteous Heaven:
It ſhields us when hard fortune's tempeſt roar,
And helps the ſlave, chain'd to the toilſome oar:
Man is a creature, feveriſh and frail,
And many troubles do his breaſt aſſail;
Rank cannot ſhield us, kings upon a throne
Have anxious thoughts, and troubles of their own:
This Heaven knew, and hope on golden wings
Did ſend to ſuccour peaſants, lords, and kings:
Be thou my ſhield, fair hope, I thee invoke,
I'll paſs my time, and not fear Fortune's ſtroke;
Hope ſtick to me, 'till I give up the ghoſt,
And in that gloomy hour aid me moſt.

On his WRITING VERSES.

WELL may they write, that ſit in parlours fine,
To raiſe their ſpirits can quaff luſcious wine;
To keep out noiſe, the parlour door is ſhut;
The ſervants ſcarce dare ſpeak, or budge a foot;
Under no fear, no terror, or no taſk,
But coolly can ſit at a writing deſk:
How different with me the time is ſpent,
Inclos'd with dragoons in a little tent;
Some darning ſtockings, others blacking ſhoes;
Some ſinging, others telling jeſts and news:
Their different ſounds do ill confound my writing;
One ſhould be ſolitary, when inditing;
Yet I muſt be a bard, nought leſs will do me,
And ſo write as nature dictates to me.

ADVICE TO A RECRUIT.

Humbly inſcribed to his QUARTER-MASTER.

BE not offended, ſir, at what I do,
To dedicate this little piece to you;
Or think I am impertinent, or rude,
Becauſe I on your leiſure do intrude:
My little poems, you was the firſt to heed them,
And ſeem'd to take a pleaſure for to read them;
Which was the reaſon that I made ſo free,
My ſoldiers counſel to inſcribe to thee:
May bleſſings flow upon you, thick and ſoon,
It is the wiſhes of a light dragoon.

Once a recruit gave me a hearty gill,
To tell him how to manage at the drill;
How he might favour win, and anger miſs;
The anſwer that I made to him was this:

If you intend a ſoldier's life to live,
Take this advice which here I to you give;

Never

Never do you thro' ignorance, or pride,
A wholſome counſel ever throw aſide;
When you get your advance, do not abuſe it,
But for to buy your neceſſaries uſe it;
For when you join your regiment, you will fret
To find yourſelf ſtill running on in debt;
When you the regiment join, try if you can
Take up with ſome cool underſtanding man,
And keep from wicked, ſwearing, arrant raps,
Can talk of nothing but of w——s and c——ps:
Another thing be ſure you don't forbear,
To learn your exerciſe with ſtudious care;
But never go to drill, or to parade,
'Till you are clean, and decently array'd;
Your hair well club'd, and powder'd down your back;
Your ſtockings clean, with ſhoes and gaiters black:
Keep hands and face ſtill clean with conſtant pains,
Nor wear a beard that's long by any means;
Keep your arms clean, without a bit of ruſt;
Bruſh well your clothes, and keep them free of duſt:
When clothes and arms that you've made to ſhine,
Why then walk forth and form you up the line;

When

When on parade, pray play no fooliſh pranks,
By gazing round, or talking in the ranks;
For there is nought an officer more charms,
Than to ſee a ſoldier ſteady under arms;
Bring in your belly, and puſh out your breaſt,
Look o'er your right hand man's head, till you're dreſt;
Hold up your head, with a becoming pride,
And keep down your arms cloſe by your ſide;
Keep down your hands from picking teeth or noſe;
Keep cloſe your heels, and turn you out your toes;
Preſs back your thighs and knees, with all your might,
And keep your eye fix'd ſteady to the right:
So when you march, ſee that you do labour,
To plant the left foot with the ſounding tabor:
Againſt the word attention, don't tranſgreſs,
Whether you by the right or centre dreſs;
Strive all you can to never get a blame,
The plague it is to get a lazy name;
Upon the fleugal man keep fix'd your eyes,
When going o'er your manual exerciſe;
To the commanding word be cloſe intent,
Nor advance your arms when you ſhould preſent;

In ſhouldering, to the hip the piece is preſs'd;
Preſenting, is the ſame thing as a reſt:
Bring up your piece with vigour to the poiſe,
And bring your fingers level with your eyes;
Hold up your body, with becoming grace,
When to the right, or to the left you face;
Don't ſtand as if you were aſleep or blunt,
Bring up your ſhoulders ſquare quite to the front;
Be wiſe, look ſharp, and always be alert;
Do what you will, ſtill go about it ſmart;
And when you're going home, be free from noiſe;
Behave like ſoldiers, not like fooliſh boys;
When you are diſciplin'd, mind what I ſay,
Be careful, wife, and manage well your pay;
From quarrelling, do a reſolution make,
And drunkenneſs ſhun, as you would a ſnake;
Keep from the ale, let it be e'er ſo humming,
A drunken ſoldier's very unbecoming;
Next due obedience to all orders pay,
And if you're ſcolded, don't an ill word ſay;
Keep ſilence ſtill, tho' ſerjeants rage and curſe;
Returning anſwers always make things worſe.

Perhaps

Perhaps they'll call you dunce, or ſtupid aſs;
Say not a word, but quiet let it paſs.
Another thing, and mind it now be ſure;
See that you follow no vile naſty w——e;
Nor ever do your conſtitution ſap,
By following them, who'll give you p—x or c——p;
And bring upon yourſelf ſuch loathſome paine,
With deadly poiſon trickling thro' your veins:
One thing obſerve, 'twill keep you from vexation,
Don't envy him that's in a higher ſtation;
What if your toil is hard, why don't repine;
Things may grow better in a little time;
Envy not wealth, for if the truth you knew,
Rich men have troubles full as well as you;
Make a reſolve, that happen you what will,
You'll not deſert, ſtand to your colours ſtill;
Think how deſerters ſpend a life of dread,
Afraid of every one that's cloath'd in red:
If you are a dragoon, ſtrive all you're able
To keep ſet hours, and punctual to the ſtable;
Bed well your horſe, that he may eaſy lie,
And always rub his heels until they're dry;

Never

Ne'er cauſe your ſerjeant to be check'd,
By your remiſſneſs, or by your neglect.
Theſe rules obſerved, you'll find you'll favour win,
Nor the curs'd tag will ever touch your ſkin;
Or ever have occaſion for to thole,
That moſt infernal region the black hole:
And when you are worn out, I will engage
You'll penſion get, to keep you in old age.
What ſhould be firſt, is now the latter thing,
I mean the duty that you owe your king:
If you be call'd where dreadful cannons roar,
'Midſt clouds of ſmoak, and fields of purple gore;
Yet be aſſur'd that the all-ſeeing heaven
To every bullet has its billet given;
Fight bravely on, you have a noble cauſe,
Your king and country, liberties and laws;
And if you fall, each tongue your fame will tell,
There lies the man that for his country fell.

FINIS.